"Cherry-Eyed" Murphy Fails to Find His Former Home on His Return from Sing Sing-The Alley the Continual Scene of Murder, Robbery, Poverty and Disease.

Within the last ten days three men have been released from Sing Sing prison, after serving long terms there for crimes committed in what was known as Bottle Alley, a lane that extended from Baxter street, at the head of Leonard street, into what is now Mulberry Bend

'Cherry-eyed" Murphy, a burglar well known to the police of this city, who for many years stairs, for hid from the police in Bottle Alley, is one of the quarter."

beggurs. There was a cellar under one of these houses which led to the cellar of a house adjoin ing, so that a man could get into this cellar, I he was chased by the police, and then make his escape through the hallway of almost any house on the block, for he could go into the adjoining cellar and get out into the rear yard, and then he would find it an easy matter to jump a fence and escape by any of a dozen ways of reaching the street. That was the Bottle Alley of my time. Now and then to make things lively there was a murder, and it was a common thing for a man to be found dead under the 'Strangler's Stoop.' That was a flight of rickety stairs leading to one of the houses. Many a fellow was strangled just under those stairs, for they would do you in the alley for a

"Or for a dime," added the Baxter street bar

Murphy, the burglar, treated the bartender

with some of the money which he had earned in Sing Sing prison and then crossed the street to

sit on one of the park benches which stand on

The Bottle Alley of Murphy's time was not the

Bottle Alley which the city employees found at

the head of Leonard street when they began to

tear the old buildings down to make room for

the new city park. The old Bottle Alley, which was made famous by Ned Harrigan, the author

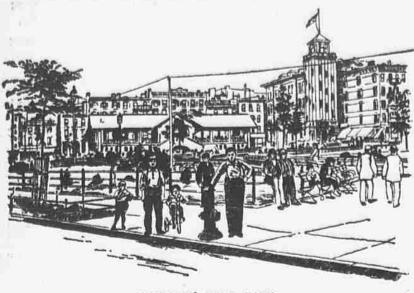
and actor, figured in no less than ten murder

cases. It was customary for the District At-

torney's office to produce pictures of the old Bottle Alley in some of the murder cases which

occurred there, and the pictures were afterward aired in the Court of General Sessions. The

the old site of Bottle Alley.



MULBERRY BEND PARK

Sing Sing prisoners who has just been released. When he returned to his old haunts a few days ago he seemed bewildered. In the place of the rookeries and ramshackle tenements, which he had known ten years ago, before he started for Sing Sing, he found a park adorned with flowers and well-kept lawns. Dropping into a saloon on Baxter street he asked the bartender whether the names of the streets of New York

had all been changed.
"I see the name of Baxter street on the corner imppost," said Murphy. "But this is not Baxter street. It is so long since I have been in New York that I find myself lost. Why, it looks like the country around here! What is that place over there where the grass is? Is

'Dat's Mulberry Bend Park," said the bartender. "De city teared down all de old joints what was on dat block and den made a park over dere. Big Dan's winking joint where a fellow could get a good sleep for a cent has passed away, together with the Pipe Flats and

now and then in the houses of Bottle Alley. The Whyo gang, whose beadquarters were at Park and Baxier streets, finally made Bottle Alley their exclusive headquarters. After that there were not so many murders in the alley, but the number of robberies doubled. The entrance to the alley was through a sort of tunnel which slanted down from the sidewalk and ran under one of the houses that faced on Baxter street. It was in this tunnel that most of the robberies were committed. It was also in the tunnel that Charile Simmons, a negro well known in the alley, was shot and killed by an Italian who is now serving a term in Sing Sing Prison for the crime. The Italian was sentenced in 1850 to eleven years and six mouths imprisonment. He had been prosecuted by John W. Goff, now Recorder Goff, who at that time was an Assistant District Attorney. The District Attorney's office had combined with the police and Health Department in an effort to protect the lives of those who lived in the neighborhood or those who ventured into the alley. While the police made as many arrests as possible there, the District Attorney's office succeeded in getting convictions in the majority of the cases. They succeeded so well that 172 men who were arrested in Bottle Alley from 1840 to 1845 were aentenced for terms ranging from ten years to life imprisonment.

It was during the latter part of 1854 that John W. McIntyre, at present Assistant District Attorney, as he is today. He was put in charge of the murder cases in the District Attorney, as he is today. He was put in charge of the murder cases in the District Attorney, as he is today. He was put in charge of the murder cases in the District Attorney, as he is today. He was put in charge of the murder cases in the District Attorney, as he is today. He was put in charge of the murder cases in the District Attorney, as he is today. He was put in charge of the murder cases in the District Attorney, as he is today. The bottle Alley at that time," said Mr. McIntyre, was the Bloody Assize."

"Bottle

in telling his experience. "Nobody could describe it properly. The people who lived there gave the health authorities a great deal of trouble, but whenever I would visit the alley they seemed afraid of me. I remember going there one time to investigate the cheapeast between the control of t





ber going in there one day to get the lay of the land, so that I might be posted on the situation when I came to try a certain murder case, and I found a crowd of the queerest fellows that ever I laid eyes on. It was on a Sunday afterpoon and the organ gripders of the alley were level to the control of th

PASSAGE LEADING TO THE BANDITS' ROOST.

stage but had finally become the wife of a negro living in Bottle Alley. I met white men there who had negro wives. I was told by a police officer who accompanied me to the alley that the scenes which I witnessed that day might be witnessed two or three times a week in any of the dirty little rooms in the alley, where there was always an odor of rancid grease and tainted meat, burning fat, garlie, or state beer. The people who lived in the alley were more afraid of the officers of the Health Board than they were of the police officers. Now that Bottle Alley is gone. I frequently was tacross Mulberry Beard Park and stop thy was the home of unwashed humanity and indescribable crimes."

Dr. Roger S. Traey, now Registrar of Vital Statistics, who for twenty years was Sanitary Inspector over the district in which Bottle Alley was located, said that in the year 1885 the death rate in Bottle Alley was 35.75, while the death rate of the whole city in that year was 21.27. Dr. Tracy added that bables died there almost every day, and that Bottle Alley gave him more trouble than any other in the district.

The BANDITS' ROOST.

There were mared Waters who had a stepdaughter named Kitty Blair. They were probably the worst women who head in the maned Kitty Blair. They were probably the worst women who head in the maned Kitty Blair. They were probably the worst women who head the sale worst women who head they sould return to the of times, but each time that they got in they went of times, but each time th

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HER MISSING STEAMER TRUNK. A New York Widow Who Started for Europe

Without Even a Handkerchief. Some of the persons who were on a North River pier to watch the sailing of a steamer a few weeks ago saw a rather unusual scene. Just as the ship was beginning to grind its way along the pier a pretty woman leaned over the deck rail and exclaimed in agonized tones to her friends on shore, calling by name one of the nen of the party:

"My steamer trunk is not aboard!" Consternation was visible on the faces of several of the group, which was increased when he traveller called a second time:

"I haven't even a handkerchief with me!" This remark was acted upon at once and a dozen or more handkerchiefs rolled into balls were aimed at the speaker on the ship. caught, while dismay and laughter struggled in ner countenance, all but two; these feil into the water. Meantime, a parting word from the shore was hurled after her that the matter would be instantly looked into-all of which leads up to a little tale of woman's confidence

and man's fallibility. The woman in question is a New York widow, not so old as she will be some years hence, and she had intrusted the details of her departure or a summer trip abroad to a grown near male relative. Between these her comfort, she was told, was to be assured to the last legree. With sweet, womanly trust she believed them. On the day of sailing a farewell uncheon was given to her, at which a dozen friends were present. To honor the occasion, as it was a cool day in May, she wore a hand some gown of silk and velvet, with a scrap of a dress bonnet that was certainly never intended

as a head covering for an ocean trip. "Now, as everybody knows, a steamer trunk is simply a substitute on a large scale for the handbag of a land trip. In it is put everything needed for the voyage, and the usual bag of toi-lstarticles is therefore dispensed with. The discovery at the last moment by this outgoing traveller, who was taking the trip alone to join some friends on the other side, that her trunk was not in the stateroom, partook therefore of the nature of a catastrophe. It meant that she and every requisite for personal comfort were

senarated for a week When the group at the end of the pier had be

and every requisite for personal comfort were separated for a week.

When the group at the end of the pier had become an indistinguishable mass of humanity to her she sat down, overcome by the magnitude of her misfortune.

"Eleven handkerchiefs, a velvet gown, and a French bonnet for a trip to Europe," was her exclamation to a sympathetic looking woman who stood near her.

Then, as she thought of the absent steamer trunk, packed as it was not only with needed belongings of every sort, but holding as well quantities of delicacles and luxuries, the gifts of thoughtful friends for weeks before her trip—as all this came over her it is small wonder that tears of genuline vexation and annoyance trembled in her eyes. A number of the passengers had taken in the situation and an attempt was promptly made to mitigate some of its horrors. Several iadies assured her that they would go below at once, take stock of their belongings, and lend her just as much as possible. A Scotch gentleman, returning to his Highland home, at once sent a bundle of rurs to her, saying he had duplicates, and was storing these only for the voyage.

This was the beginning of the oblations offered at helpless beauty's shrine. The news of her predicament spread throughout the first cablin and all day long parcels were left at her stateroom door. By night she was fully equipped with a varied but useful wardrobe, Skirts and shirt waists galor, a lounging robe, soft caps and hats for the deck, vells, all sorts of toiler hecessities, down to coid cream and face powder, and, best of all, curling tongs were hers by nightfull. Her first letter home describes this assisted voyage.

"They called me," she wrote, "the 'patient lady,' because I made, apparently, the best of a bad its. In point of fact, I was not be remitted to miss my own belongings at all. The thought fulness of my fellow travellers so well provided me with every comfort that, like the June brides, I had duplicates of many useful articles. The eleven handkerchiefa served me well, as they coul

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INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT.

Fresh Advocates of Public School Athletics-Probable Boom in Rowing.

A surprise in scholastic circles is the ancouncement that the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn favors the movement for a public school athletic organization and will try to induce the other public schools of that borough to combine and organize a Long Isl-and public school athletic association, which, with the proposed New York public school athletic association, would be similar to the present New York and Long Island inter-scholastic athletic bodies. The action of the Manual Training High School has stirred up the officers of the Long Island Interscholastic

Athletic League.

The captain-elect of the football team to represent Columbia Grammar School, who is still in the city, has outlined an excellent plan for next season, and if his methods can be carried out a first-class team should be organized.

At a dinner given to the Trinity School base ball team recently. Phil Seixas was again elected to manage and coach the nine for 1869. He said that he would do all in his power to again turn out a winning team, and that the only thing to accomplish this was the cooperation of the boys. Seixas will also handle the football eleven to represent the school.

The announcement that an effort is being made to form an interscholastic rowing association has been received with great enthusiasm by the schoolboys in this vicinity. Although not brought to public attention as freely as track athletics, rowing already occupies : very prominent place in interscholastic circles Probably not one in a thousand is aware that many of the young men who are enlisted in the rowing ranks of the big colleges receive early raining at some preparatory school, and are put through just the same rigorous course of discipline as falls to the lots of candidates for 'varsity crews. No better instance of this precaratory training can be cited than the Cornel crews, which are drafted mainly from the students who prepare at Cascadilla School, The school is located at Ithaca, in the very shadow of Cornell University, of which it has long been the leading fitting school. It is acvoted to the preparation of boys for college, and, while its special work is preparing boys for Cornell, it sends its representatives to various other colleges and universities of the country. In 1863 it erected at the head of Cayuga Lake a commodious boathouse, the dimensions of which are 117x63 feet. Its lower floor is divided into shell rooms, skiff rooms, and locker rooms. The upper story contains a large hall and committee rooms. The entire upper story is surrounded by a broad balcony, from which charming views of the lake and the adjacent hill slopes are obtainable. Besides being of service to the crews, the boathouse is used by different athletic teams of the school as the athletic field is only a few rods distant. The school is the possessor of thirteen acres of natural park at this point. The commodore of the school has written to various preparatory schools in different parts of the country trying to induce them to maintain crews and it seems that his appeal has borne good fruit. As a starter, an agreement has been signed between the navy of the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and the Cascadilia School for a series of three eight-oared shell races. The first was rowed at Cornwall on June 3 and resulted in a victory for the crew of the Cascadilla School for a series of three eight-oared shell races. The first was rowed at Cornwall on June 3 and resulted in a victory for the crew of the cascadilla School for a series of three eight-oared shell races. The first was rowed at Cornwall on June 3 and resulted in a victory for the crew of the cascadilla School for a series of three eight-oared shell races. The first was rowed at Connwall on June 3 and resulted in a victory for the crew of the cascadilla School boy of this city, and its not at all unlikely that Cutler. Berkeley Harlard and Colymbia Grammar schools will organize crews. Most of the students The school is located at Ithaca, in the very shadow of Cornell University, of which it

SUNFISH BUILDING A NEST.

Industriously at Work Moving Gravel in a Tank at the Aquarium.

One of the little sunfish in a gallery tank on the fresh-water side at the aquarium is building a nest in which to deposit its spawn. In nature the sunfish would make its nest in the sand or gravel in a shallow spot near the edge of the water, fanning out the gravel with its tail and carrying the pebbles out in its mouth. There is no sand in this tank-sand in an aquarium tank would choke up the strainers and outlet pipes-but the bottom here is covered with coarse gravel. This the little sunfish nost industriously removes. It weaves rapidly back and forth close to the bottom in the hol low of the nest, fanning the gravel there with

low of the nest, fanning the gravel there with its tail, and by the little currents thus started moving some of the finer pebbles, but most of the pebbles must be actually carried away, and the sunfish does this by picking them up in its mouth.

It wriggles across the bottom and then turns and picks up a pebble and swallows it apparently, and then makes for the outside of the nest, there to leave it. Here in the tank the sunfish is piling these pebbles up against the glass in front. When it has dipped its head and picked up a pebble, it comes to the glass and opens its mouth and coughs up its pebble, to fall upon what looks like a drift of pebble, but which is really a bank that the sunfish has pilind up. Then back to the nest. If any of the other sunfish swim down toward the nest the nest-builder drives them off and thon goes down and gets to work again, weaving across in the hollow and brushing out in that way what it can, and then nipping up a pebble to carry over to add to the material it is piling up against the glass in front. Sometimes it picks up a pebble so big that it can only get its iswe over one end of it, and it comes up to the pabble pile with this stone had between its test.

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Mrs. Place Breaks Down. A marked change has come over Mrs. Martha M. Place since her conviction on Friday afternoon of murder in the first degree for killing her 18-year-old stepdaughter, Ida Place. Her remarkable self-possession during the trial disappeared on her return to Raymond Street disappeared on her return to Raymond Street Jail. On reaching her cell she wept and moaned. Sheriff Creamer feared that she might commit suicide, and he assigned two women to watch her. Yesterday Mrs. Place had another fit of hysterical weeping and her sereams could be heard all through the jail. She will probably be sentenced on Friday. Mr. Yan Iderstine, Mrs. Place's counsel, will try to have the verdict set aside, mainly on the admission of the evidence of Mrs. Place's attack on her husband with an axe on the evening of the murder.

Eighteen Months Old Baby Had Rash on Shoulder for Two Years Causing Intense Suffering. Would Scab Over, Break Open and Be Raw. Several Doctors and Remedies Tried. Efforts Fruitless. Cured by CUTICURA.

My sister had this rash come on her shoulder when she was about eighteen months old. It was there about two years causing her intense suffering. We had several different doctors, tried everything that we could think of, and that every one could suggest without effect-ing a cure. In spite of all we did it kept spreading. One day it would scab over and then crack open and a watery matter coze from it and the scabs would all fall off. It would be raw for a time, then scab over again. Bomeons recommended CUTIOURA REMEDIES.
We immediately procured a box of CUTIOURA
(ointment), a cake of CUTICURA SOAP, then
tried the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and before the bottle was half gone see saw a marked change, and by the time it was gone, she was entirely cured without a scar being left. She is now twelve years old, and has not had a pimple or sign of blood trouble since. Feb. 18, '98. Miss LILLIE CHASE, Bristol, Vt.

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pictures reproduced in THE SUN'S columns are copies of photographs used in some of the Bottle Alley murder trials by the District Attorney. They are probably the only pictures of Bottle the Bandits' Boost. Dey're all gone for good." "And what about Bottle Alley?" asked the Alley now in existence. It was on a stormy night in 1888 when five members of the notorious Whyo gang gathered in a cellar in Bottle alley and planned to kill a man who had just come from Sing Sing Prison. You see dat spot over dere where dose two kids are sittin' on dat bench," remarked the bartender; "well, dat's where Bottle Alley used man who was well known in the vicinity of the Five Points. The victim selected was "Poll" Five Points. The victim selected was "Poil" Sullivan. While having the reputation of a fighter, he was not a thief, as were the majority of the men with whom he had associated. Poil Sullivan was a pai of Danny Lyons, who was afterward murdered by Michael Sliney. He was also the pai of Danny Driscoll, the Whyo leader who killed Beazey Garrity, an unfortunate young woman, who for years had supported Driscoll. The murder of Sullivan was committed at Centre and Leonard streets. He was shot dead by Kid Hunt, a member of the Whyo gang who had been selected to commit the murder. to be. Where dose two blokes are leanin' against de little fence is de place where de entrance to de alley wuz. De alley entrance ex-tended all de way down to dat spot where you see dat kid ridin' on dat three-wheeled levele." And what is that building over there with the American flag flying at the top of it?" asked Burglar Murphy. "Oh, dat's a public school," answered the

"And Bottle Alley's gone?" said the burglar with a sigh.

"Ta guess you're right," remarked the man from Bing Sing. "New York never could get the gone of the gone